

CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™

Inside:

LOVE
HELL

John Rozum
Rod Whigham

Larry Wachowski
Dennis Cowan

Nicholas Vince
Sam Kieth



introduced
D.G. Chichester

With My Lips
John Rosum

written by
Rod Whigham
artist

Matt Hollingsworth
color artist
Phil Felix
letterer

Devil's Brigade, Part Ten:
Black and White

Darryl Coyne
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Michael Heider
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Devil's Brigade Part Eleven:
Believe the Sinners

Nicholas Vince
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Sam Keith
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Sam Parsons
color artist

Phil Felix
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introduced

Matt McInerney

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It's been suggested by those in low places (which, by the inverse logic that governs this celebration of the infernal, means very high up editorially) that a refresher course in the finer points of *The Devil's Brigade* might be in order, especially as we enter the home stretch on this sprawling shared universe sin-fest. So, gentle reader and dear student of the abyss, crack the spine on your . . . notebook; sharpen the point on your . . . pencil; and do try and keep up as we make the trip down. . .

Hell has entered what they call the "Time Of Configuration," a laconic way of saying that the very fabric of diabolic reality is about to come apart at the hellish seams. Six humans stand at crossroads of order and chaos: Michael Decourey, leader of a white South African republic that stands for democracy or fascism; Father Peter Abaddon, an earnest televangelist whose broadcasts promise enlightenment or inquisition; Leo Shabel, whose community projects will either draw a neighborhood together or fill its gutters with blood; Lester George and Jillian Elliot, inner-city cops set to be champions of inter-racial relations or the cause of a city-wide race riot; and Dr. Casey Gioeli, whose medical crusade will either find a cure for AIDS or release another deadly plague of her own creation.

Five Genobites must use their fiendish influence to set the humans on the path of order: Abigor, a fierce female warrior; Balberith, the wicked, shuffling librarian of the pit's darkest tomes; Face, Hell's resident thespian, wearing skin-masks of comedy and tragedy; the unpredictable Atkins, whose brutal temper is almost as large as his sulphurous weaponry; and the nameless one, damnation's favorite son whose piercings ring his head in endless rows of icy pins that proclaim his everlasting allegiance to the cause of Hell and its god, Leviathan.

If order comes out in the majority, Hell will prevail and move forward in its war on the flesh; if chaos should carry the day, then the carefully contained structure of the inferno will be no more. . . and what would you do with that \$4.50 every six weeks? But best not to dwell on such dire forecasts, not when there are others out there to do it for you. John Rozum and Rod Whigham team up for an insider's view of romance in hell in "With My Lips" with color by Matthew Hollingsworth; *The Book Of The Damned's* Larry Wachowski teams with *Deathlok's* Denys Cowan on "Black & White," a boiling point for the aforementioned Michael Decourey's tenuous regime; and in "Believe The Sinners," Nicholas Vince (soon to be appearing behind the keyboard in *Nightbreed!*) matches up with Sam Kieth (very hot over in *Marvel Comics Presents!*) and Sam Parsons as Balberith brings Father Abaddon to the edge . . . and beyond.

Got all that? You'll want to study hard — there'll be a test later.

And predictably enough for this course, it's a killer. . .

— Daniel Chichester
consulting editor





WHEN I WAS A CHILD,
I USED TO THINK THAT
DOWRY WORLD HAD THE
HAPPIEST PLACE ON
EARTH.

I WAS WOUNDED



I HAVE COME
TO PARADISE

WITH MY
LIPS

John Byrne
writer
Paul Wengert
artist
Max Hollingsworth
color artist
Maurice Fierstein
letterer



THAT THING ABOUT
TEACHING OLD DOGS
NEW TRICKS? IT'S
A LIE.

THOSE ARE THE BEST ONES
TO LEARN THEY'RE THE MOST
GRATIFYING.



SUCH AS SOLVING THE
PUZZLE WHICH OPENED
UP THE GATES OF
HELL, WHICH BESTOWED
UPON ME HELL'S RICH
EDWARDS.



THE GRATITUDE PROVIDED ME
WITH WHAT THEY HAD RECOGNIZED.
"PLEASURES BEYOND MY
WILDEST DREAMS. I'M SURE
THEY DIDN'T LAUGH
AT MY EXPECTATIONS.



I EXPECTED GREAT IDEAS, MORE
LIKE NO ONE COULD PROVE
DREAMS WERE REAL, ALTHOUGH
COMPARED TO WHAT THEY
GAVE ME!



REINSTATED SENSE, THE
ABILITY TO FEEL THE TERRACE
IN A BIRD'S HEART, CURELL
THE SALT IN A TEAR LEAVING
DOWN A GUY'S CHEEK,
TAKE A SHAKLE ON A
GRAIN OF POLLEN LOST IN
FLIGHT.



TO HEAR WATER FLOW THROUGH
THE VEINS OF A DYING LEAF OR
A FLAME OF DEAD SKIN REAPED
BETWEEN THE FLOCCUSCORS.



AND THE DRUM/ RASSON OF
REMEMBERING SO CLEAR THAT I
WAS THROWN INTO A TEMPORAL
BACKLASH.



THEY GAVE ME ALL OF THIS AND
THE GREATEST PLEASURE OF
ALL. IN HONOR I CAN'T BE-
LIEVE THAT I OVERLOOKED IT
IN LIFE.

LIKE THE GRATIFY COMEBACK
WHICH ONLY COMES LONG
AFTER THE INCIDENT YOUR-
SELF HAS PASSED.



ALL OF THOSE WONDERFUL
PLEASURES GRANTED ME BY
MY ENHANCED SENSES
OVERWHELMED ME UNTIL
THEY BECAME TOO MUCH TO
BEAR, BUT THE PAIN WAS
FRODOGATING, AND BECAME
THE GREATEST PLEASURE
OF ALL.



SHE CARES ALONG AFTER THEY BROUGHT ME HERE. SHE WITH HER A MAJOR TOUCH SHE UNDERSTOOD THE CONNECTION BETWEEN PAIN AND PLEASURE PERFECTLY.



SHE WAS A MARRIAGE OF TORTURE. A SKILLED CRAFTSMAN COMPLETELY AT ONE WITH HER WORK.



I SHUDDERED AND TINKLED AT EVERY CARAMEL. AT EACH BREATH OF WIND WHICH REACHED MY SKIN. SHE HAD DONE THINGS TO ME THAT I NEVER DREAMED ANOTHER BEING WAS CAPABLE OF DOING.



THE REMOVAL OF MY PHYSICAL PAIN WASN'T THE REMOVAL OF THE SENSATIONS WHICH THOSE AREAS PROVIDED ME. THESE LOSS SENSATIONS FORCED THE NEIGHBORHOODS OF THOSE IN OTHER AREAS TO COMPENSATE FOR THE LOSS.



SIGHTS AND HEARS MINGLED ON MY NERVE ENDS LIKE SINGLE NOTES OF MUSIC COMING TOGETHER TO CREATE A BRAINFUL SYMPHONY.

I COULDN'T STOP FALL IN LOVE WITH HER.



I KNOW SHE HAS A SPECIAL SENSATION FOR ME AS WELL. PARTS OF ME HAVE GONE INTO SOME OF HER JUST CALLOUS.

PART OF ME... I'M IN THEM ALL.



IF ONLY I HAD KNOWN ABOUT HER WHEN THE OTHER GING-SITS HAS ASKED ME WHAT IT WAS I DESERVED. MY PAIN-SUCH FOR HER AND WHAT SHE DID TO ME TRANSFORMED ANYTHING THAT WERE WORDS SUCH AS LUST OR EVEN LOVE COULD ENCOM-PASS

IF ONLY I COULDVE TOLD HER HOW I FELT...



BUT MY TONGUE WAS ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS TO GO.



MR. SHINE WROTE A PARAGRAPH MY SHEET. AND NOW I ALWAYS BEEN SUCH A GOOD FRIEND.



"MY SHEET" SHE CALLED MY HER SHEET. HER VOICE WAS LIKE THE SONG OF AN ANGEL. AND PROVIDED ME WITH THE COOLEST CALL WHENEVER I HEARD IT



WHENEVER SHE HAD HEARD I EXPRESSED A DESIRE. HIGH LIKE HOME I'D EVER KNOWN. GOD HOW I WANTED HER



IF ONLY I COULDVE TOLD HER

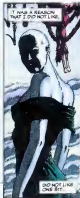


IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE
TROUBLE CAME TO REASON.



IT HADN'T BEEN THE FIRST TIME
HE'D COME. THE DELIVERY BOY
HAD BEEN HERE COUNTLESS
TIMES BEFORE. IT WAS HIS "JOB"
HE EVEN BROUGHT HIM.

AFTER A WHILE I DENIED
THERE WAS ANOTHER REASON
HE KEPT COMING BACK.



IT WAS A REASON
THAT I DID NOT LIKE.

DID NOT LIKE
ONE BIT.



I PRAYED WITH EVERY FIBER OF MY BEING
THAT I WAS WRONG, THAT I WAS READING
TOO MUCH INTO THINGS, MISINTERPRETING
THEM. BUT I KNEW I WASN'T. I WAS ABOUT
TO DISCOVER THE OTHER SIDE OF HAVING
HEARTFELT FRIENDS.



AS TIME PROCEEDED,
THINGS ONLY GOT
WORSE. ANY DENIALS
WHICH I TRIED TO
PRESERVE WERE
QUICKLY CASHED.



I WAS RAPIDLY LEARN-
ING THE TRUTH ABOUT
PAIN. A PAIN DEEPER
THAN ANY I'VE EVER
BEEN EXPOSED TO.

EVEN HERE,
IN HELL.



A MAN WHICH
COULD NEVER
BE MISTAKEN
FOR PLEASURE.

HELL IS NOT THAT MUCH DIFFERENT FROM THE WORLD FROM WHICH I CAME. HERE ALSO, IT OFTEN TAKES AN ACTION OF IMMENSE SCOPE TO BRING ABOUT THE END WHICH HAVE BEEN BOUND TO THE TELL.

I WAS MUCH MORE THAN A BOOL TO HAVE DELUDED MYSELF INTO BELIEVING THAT SHE COULD EVER LOVE ME BACK.

...THAT SHE COULD EVER HAVE THOUGHT OF ME AS ANYTHING MORE THAN MEAT, MATERIAL, WITH WHICH TO WORK HER CRAFT.

EVEN WORSE THAN THIS COMPLETE AND LITTLE FEELING OF DEJECTION AND BETRAYAL IS MY INABILITY NOT TO FEEL THEIR PLEASURE. IT WOULD BE TORTURE ENOUGH JUST TO KNOW WHY MUST THEY DO IT RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME? NOT THAT IT WOULD MATTER, I'D BE ABLE TO JUDGE THEIR ACTS OF PASSION EVEN IF THEY WERE MILES AWAY.



THE SHELL OF HER WITHIN THE SOURCE OF THEIR SHARED ECSTASY, THE WARMTH OF HIS ERECTION, SENSATIONS WHICH WOULD NORMALLY BRING ME MORE PLEASURE THAN TO THEIR SOURCE. NOW CAUSE ME MORE PAIN THAN A THOUSAND NOT NEEDLED BEING SLIGHTLY PUSHED INTO MY EYE.

ON GOD, I WISH THEY'D STOP.

PLEASE MAKE THEM STOP. I CAN'T STAND TO SHARE THEIR PLEASURE ANY LONGER. MAKE THEM STOP.

FOR THE FIRST TIME I REALLY FEEL THAT I AM IN PAIN.



THE CYCLE IS COMPLETE

THIS WOMAN THAT I SO DESIRE, SHE WHO HAD SHOWN ME THAT THE MOST UNDESIRABLE THING COULD BECOME THE PRINCE OF PLEASURE, HAS NOW SHOWN ME THAT THE GREATEST PLEASURE COULD BE THE ULTIMATE FORM OF SUFFERING.



I WANTED SO MUCH TO BE ABLE TO HATE HER. I TRIED SO HARD.

MY LATEST WISH, NEARLY FULFILLED, MY DEAREST, IT WON'T SO LONG BEFORE WE BEGIN ANOTHER, YOU AND I.



I COULDN'T, NO MATTER WHAT. I WAS STILL COMPLICATED WITH DESIRE FOR HER.



I WONDER, IF I HADN'T OVER-REACHED MYSELF AT THE LAST MINUTE, IF I HADN'T FOREVER BURNED MY CHANCES OF BECOMING A CONCRETE LINE WE IS, WOULD THINGS BE DIFFERENT FOR US?

LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR DEAREST WIFE.



WOULD IT HAVE BEEN HER HANDS THAT WOULD HAVE FREED US FROM THE SCOURGE OF HUMANITY SUBORDINATING US INTO A CREATURE OF DEVILRY?

WERE THEY HER HANDS THAT BUILT HER CURRENT LOVER?



NATURALLY HE KEPT
COMING BACK.



EVEN WHEN HE WISHT
BRING NO HER ANY
SURPRISES.



I HAD NO INTENT ON TRYING TO BLOCK
OUT THEIR SORROWY THAT I ALMOST
MISSED HIS SURPRISING REACTION

HIS MOMENT OF SMILE.

HIS YEARNING FOR A
SMALL PLEASURE
OF WHICH HE COULD
NOT PARTAKE



ON HOW I BELIEVED THAT
MOMENT OF HIS REGRETATION. IT
WAS LIKE A SPARK OF HOPE
TRAVELING INTO MY OWN DE-
SPAIR. IT WAS MY LAST MOMENT
OF TRUE PLEASURE. IN RETRO-
SPECT I SHOULD HAVE SA-
VORED IT MORE THEN BECAUSE
ITS SILENT REMINDY PRO-
VIDED ME WITH LITTLE COM-
FORT AGAIN.



THEN I HEARD HER COMFORT-
ING VOICES, HER PROMISE
TO HELP ME FILL THE VOID
IT WAS LIKE EVERY DREAM
FEELING I'D EVER HAD
COMING BACK AT ONCE.



BECAUSE I KNEW WHAT
WAS COMING NEXT

IT WAS THE SCARS ON
THE CASE OF MY TORN
WENT. I ONLY HOPED
THAT IT WOULDN'T BE
ME SHE CAME TO.

LET HER
PICK
ANYONE
BUT ME



SHE FORGAVE

SHE CARRESSED MY FACE
WITH THE TENDER LOVING
DESPION THAT I ALWAYS
HOPED SHE WOULD.



ONLY NOW THAT IT FINALLY
CAME TO ME, I FELT ANY-
THING BUT RAUPTURE.



THIS WAS THE ULTIMATE ACT
OF REPLEMANT, SHE DESIRED
TO HATE HER BURNED IN MY
DEAR, BUT THE ACTUAL HATE,
I KNEW, WOULD NEVER COME.



I COULD ONLY HOPE THAT
SHE WOULD USE UP THE
REST OF ME QUICKLY
UNTIL THEN I WOULD
HAVE NO PEACE.



THE WORST PART WAS HAVING
TO WATCH, TO FEEL HIS ULTI-
MATE JOY AND PAIN, I WENT
AS HE WAS FINALLY ABLE TO
DO WHAT I'D ALWAYS
WANTED TO.



TO UNCONSCIOUSLY
KISS HER...



...WITH MY
LIPS...

THE END







"MOM, THAT SMELLS DELICIOUS."



"IS IT READY YET? HA, HA, I'M REALLY STARVING."



"OH BOY, DOES THAT LOOK GOOD."



"MICHAEL? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?"

"I'M FINE. IT WAS A DREAM. JUST A DREAM."

DEVIL'S BRIGADE



PART 10

WELL WE GO HOME, EH YOU SAY?



MICHAEL DESECURY IS THE PRIME MINISTER OF NOLANDIA, A SMALL COUNTRY THAT OWNS MUCH OF THE INFRASTRUCTURE OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN PROVINCE.

LIKE SOUTH AFRICA, NOLANDIA HAS LONG BEEN A COUNTRY DIVIDED BY ITS GOVERNMENT'S APARTHEID POLICIES.

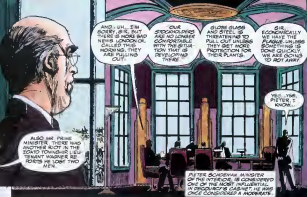
RECENTLY DESECURY HAD INITIATED THE PROCESSING OF REFORM, BUT UNDER A CONSERVATIVE PARLIAMENT, THESE REFORMS BECAME TAKEN OUTSIDE THAT SERVED ONLY TO AGGRAVATE ESCALATING TENSION.

TWO DAYS AGO, THOSE TENSIONS EXPLODED IN A BLOODY RIOT AT THE INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION.



BLACK & WHITE

Larry Wachowski
writer
Drews Casan
artist
Nelle Giddings
color artist
Michael Heister
letters



AND, UH... I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT THERE IS MORE BAD NEWS. LONDON OR, CALLED THEIR HOMING, THEY ARE PULLING OUT.

ONE SPECULANDER AND NO WONDER COMFORTABLE WITH THE SITUATION THAT IS DEVELOPING THERE.

BLOND BLAME AND STEEL IS THREATENING TO PULL OUT UNLESS THEY GET MORE PROTECTION FOR THEIR PLANTS.

SIR, ECONOMICALLY WE HAVE THE PLANS. UNLESS SOMETHING IS DONE QUICKLY, WE ARE GOING TO GET AWAY.

YES, YES, PETER, I KNOW...

PETER SCHOONHOVEN, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, IS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE MOST INFLUENTIAL IN DISNEY'S CABINET. HE WAS ONCE CONSIDERED A MODERATE.

Wanted name: Schoonhoven.

...THOSE ARE THE PROBLEMS I NEED SOLUTIONS.

LET THERE BE ABBOTT FOR THIS MISSION IN YOUR ISLAND.

AND SHE'S CHOSEN SCHOONHOVEN. ONLY HE CAN REASSURE HER - OR FEEL HER.



ONLY THEY CAN SHOW RESOURCES THE WAY CERTAINLY'S MAN, THE ARM OF CROSS.

HE'S GROWN WEAK. HE HADN'T EATEN OR SLEPT SINCE THE INDEPENDENCE DAY RIT. NOW IS THE TIME TO GO IN.

WE PRIME MINISTER, COLORLAND IS ON THE VERGE OF A CIVIL WAR. OUR EVERY MOVE MUST BE MADE WITH UTMOST CARE AND CAUTION.



THE LAST THING WE NEED ARE OUTSIDERS SENSE - NORMALIZING OUR ACTIONS.

UNTIL A MORE STABLE CONDITION HAS BEEN REACHED, I SUSPECT A BLACKOUT, INCLUDING THE EXPLORATION OF ALL FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS AND DIPLOMATS, AND THE TEMPORARY CLOSING OF OUR SCHOOLS.





HE'S HOLLANDER -
YOUR MANAGER OF
EDUCATION



HE'S NOT?



MICHAEL: I CAN GET SARAH TO
COME HERE TO TALK. THE AMERICAN
TRUST AND BELIEVE HIM

WHEN WE BEGIN
TO NEGOTIATE THINGS
BUT CALM DOWN



HIS WORDS
SPEAK OF REASON
AND LOGIC



BUT LOOK NOW AND SEE THE
PASSION BEHIND THEM



THIS IS HOW THE EDUCATION
MINISTER BEHAVES HIS OVERSIGHT



SARAH!
SARAH!



HIS NAME IS SARAH.
I'VE FOUND HER. AND WE
HAVE FOUND OUR WAY

AS HE WATCHED SOMETHING
ABOUT THE WAY THE
WORLD WAS CHANGING
SARAH'S EYES

HERE IS SARAH
HIS TRUE PASSION
AND HE WANTED
LIFE

THIS WAS NOT
SEX OR FEAR
ANYTHING

THIS WAS
LOVE



LIGHT IN A SMALL ROOM
AT DISCREETLY UNIVERSITY

A ROOM THAT FUNCTIONS
AS AN OFFICE, A BEDROOM
AND A RETREAT.



OH LORD
TAKES ARE NOW
I AM READY.

LOVE, YOU'RE
BREATHING IN THE
WOMAN'S DIRECTION
THAT AND AS CLOSE
TO HEAVEN AS A
SINNER LIKE YOU
IS GOING TO GET.



OH ALAS, YET
ANOTHER VIRTUOUS
AND DUTY-LOVING
MAN HAS BEEN LED
INTO THE HOLD OF
SATAN BY A DAMN
SWEET BUT WELL
PROPORTIONED
DAWN'S WOMAN.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT
WAS AN INNOCENT BUT BEAR
WITH ME, I'M NOT
BEING CONDESCENDING AND I'M
FLOW
FREE BY A RICH AND POWERFUL
LANDOWNER.

I LIKE
YOU FINE.



BUT HOW ABOUT
THIS: THE MEMBERS
OF EDUCATION OF A SMALL
AFRICAN COUNTRY TAKE
THE MOST BEFITTED AND BEAUTIFUL
TEACHER MEN EVER
KNOWN ON A PLANE TO SWEDEN.

WHERE THEY LIVE
OUT THE REMAINDER
OF THEIR LIVES AND
ENTRANCE HAPPY
EVER AFTER.



OH YES,
THAT WOMAN
BEAUTIFUL. BUT YOU
KNOW HOW I FEEL,
I CAN'T JUST LEAVE
GUY AWAY.



I KNOW, IT'S JUST THAT AFTER
THE CONFERENCE THIS MORNING
I'M WORRIED.

WHAT
HAPPENED? DID
DISCREETLY...



NO, IT WASN'T
MICHAEL. HE DOESN'T
SAY ANYTHING ANY-
MORE. JUST LISTENING.
HE LOOKS TERRIBLE.
I DON'T THINK HE'S
EVEN IN DASH.



IT WAS
SCHORSMAN. I DON'T
UNDERSTAND WHAT
HAPPENED TO HIM.

HE'D ALWAYS BEEN
THE VOICE OF REASON,
BUT OVER THE LAST WEEK,
HE'S WORN THE MOST DIS-
TRESSING BEHAVIOR AND
THIS MORNING HE DISAPPEARED.
WE INITIATE A NEWS
BLACKOUT AND COVER OUR
EYESPERS.



OH MY
GOD—

NATURALLY I
EXPECTED SOME KIND
OF ARGUMENT, BUT
SCHORSMAN JUST SAID
THAT, STUNNED
TO HISSELF AND
STAINED AT HIS
LIPS... I DON'T
KNOW...

I JUST
WANTED TO GET
THE HELL OUT OF
THREE—NEED—
OUT OF YOUR
LAND.

THANK GOD YOU
WERE THERE TO SAY
SOMETHING!



I WISH, PLEASE
SOMETHING I
IMAGINE WHAT
MIGHT HAPPEN TO
HOMELAND IF YOU
WEREN'T IN THAT
BIG ROOM HOLDING
ON TO YOUR TWO
CENTS.

AND IT
TERRIFIED ME.

WE'RE SO CLOSE
TO THE END OF AMERI-
HEID. THE BEGINNING
OF SOMETHING NEW
AND BEAUTIFUL... WE
CAN'T LEAVE NOW, MUST
NOT KNOW THAT THE
FUTURE—

—OUR FUTURE—

DON'T WORRY, I'M
NOT GOING ANYWHERE
BEHIND I CAN'T FIND MY OTHER
SOCK.



I'M TRYING TO
TELL YOU SOMETHING
MILD AND YOU'RE
NOT LISTENING.

I'M SORRY
TEACHER, BUT
QUICKLY BECAUSE
I WORKED UP
QUITE A
THIRST.



LISTEN, MISTER,
DON'T TALK OUT NOW,
AND GET THAT TALK
SUIT OVER HERE!

CLINK



WHAT I NEED ABOUT
TO SAY THAT YOU'VE GOT
A NEW, REVERSED INTERIOR
IN THE FUTURE. NOW.

YOU ARE, MY LOVE, THERE'S
SOMETHING IMPORTANT
BEEN MEANING TO TELL
YOU.

STAY
THAT'S
PREGNANT CA





THAT'S YOUR
GREAT, GREAT, GREAT
GRANDFATHER, JOSEPH
BLOOMBERG.



WHEN HE AND THOSE
WHO WERE FOLLOWING
HIM STOOD HERE AFTER
CROSSING THESE MOUN-
TAINS, THIS LAND WAS
VIRTUALLY A DESERT.

BUT THEY FOUGHT
FOR IT, FOUGHT THE
JULI, THE BETTER, THE
LAND CORSE.



IT WAS SWEAT AND
BLOOD, ANYWAY, AND
BLOOD THAT MADE THIS
LAND FERTILE.

UNDER HIS
LEADERSHIP, THE SET-
TLEMENT BEGAN TO
PROSPER, BUT ONE
YEAR THERE WAS A
TERRIBLE DROUGHT AND
MY GRANDFATHER AND
MY AUNT WERE STARVING.

JOSEPH GAVE MOST
OF HIS BECKED GRAIN
TO OTHER FAMILIES AND
EVERY NIGHT HE TOOK
WHATEVER WAS ON HIS
OWN PLATE AND GAVE
ALL OF IT TO HIS
CHILDREN.



ALL HIS LIFE HE HAD BEEN A
HUGE, STRONG MAN, BUT BY
SPRING HE HAD THINDED TO
NOTHING. ON HIS DEATHBED, HE
CALLED FOR HIS CHILDREN
AND SAID TO THEM:

"I AM JUST A MAN
AND NOW I'M LEAV-
ING. IF IS YOU WHO
ARE THE FUTURE,
YOU ARE THE HOPE
AND THIS IS HOW
YOU MUST LIVE."

AND THEN
HE DIED.



MY FATHER BROUGHT ME HERE
WHEN I WAS A BOY AND TOLD
ME THAT JOSEPH WAS THE
MOST IMPORTANT THAT I TELL
YOU NOW, BECAUSE



BECAUSE
YOU ARE MY
SON AND I
LOVE YOU



I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER SOMETHING IS GONNA GIVE. DECORATED CAN'T HOLD IT TOGETHER, MUCH LONGER. HE'S GONNA GIVE IN OR

THERE'VE BEEN SUICIDES OF A BLACKOUT OF COUGH REFLEXES. I GATHERED I'VE FELT IT. THE COMEDIES ARE DEMANDING FREE SUICIDES "ONE MAN, ONE VOTE"

NO DON'T BE STUPID. THE AFTERMATH IS THE MARCH-IT. THERE ARE FIVE THOUSAND MARCHES. THERE'LL BE A WHITE MAN LEFT IN PARLIAMENT.



I BELIEVE YOU

I'M SURE THE RACIAL TENSION BACK IN PARLIAMENT ARE THE SURPRISING POINT AND I'M SURE THE READERS CARE MORE ABOUT THAT THAN WHAT'S HAPPENING 5,000 MILES AWAY

BUT SKULLY, THAT'S IMPORTANT AND I'M SURE YOU'RE RIGHT. BUT YOU'RE SAYING ME OR NOT.

FINE. THANKS DON'T WORRY. I'VE MADE A FEW FRIENDS YOU BE CAREFUL TOO, SKULLY



Goodbye

CHRIST, EDITORS. MY MOTHER NEVER WORKED SO MUCH



HOW HE DO, JACK?

I GUESS YOU'RE STUCK WITH ME ZACHARIAN



MAN, I GOT A FEELING SOMETHING BIG'S GONNA HAPPEN TONIGHT

WE GO LOOKING FOR LEFT JACK?

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE. JACK LEFT BY JOE





I LOVE YOU.

YOU'VE SAID THAT.

YOU'VE MADE ME VERY HAPPY.

I KNOW YOU'VE SAID THAT SO.



HAVE I SAID THAT I WANT TO MARRY YOU? THAT I WANT YOU TO MOVE OUT OF THIS DORM OFFICE AND LIVE WITH ME IN A BIG HOUSE FULL OF BOTH THE BEST BOOKS AND CHILDREN?



YES YOU DID WOULD?

I DO LOVE U



MY GOD YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL. I'LL NEVER UNDOUBT WHY YOU WERE ATTRACTED TO ME.

SIMPLE. YOUR HAIR I LOVE MEN WITH GREAT HAIR SO DISTINGUISHED, INTELLIGENT-LOOKING AND FATHERLY IT DRIVES ME ABSOLUTELY MAD.

YOUR PRESENCE SOULD CARE TO RETIRE NOW FOR AN AFTERNOON.



I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK.



NOPE JESSIE-- WHAT DID YOU WANT THAT?

NO

GO-- SOMEONE'S OUTSIDE THE DOOR--





CHRIST, THAT GUY HAS
RIGHT! HOLLANDER IS DYING
IN THE BUD!



LIEUTENANT
WAGNER, WHAT
IS THE PROBLEM?



PUSH!
UP!



I KNOW YOU WERE A
RAID LOVER. THE WAY
YOU STUCK UP FOR THEM
OVER ME, I KNOW
IT.

HOLLANDER YOU ARE
A BASTARD & CRIMINAL
AND A THREAT TO YOUR
PEOPLE AND I SHOULD
KILL YOU RIGHT NOW!

I'VE DONE
NOTHING -- UN-
WHOOP-- IT'S NOT
ILLEGAL ANY
MORE.

IF GOD WENT
DOWN BACK TO
EARTH TO REPEL
THE TEN COMMAND-
MENTS WOULD YOU
GO FOR YOUR NEIGH-
BOUR'S WIFE?



SOME THINGS
MR. MINISTER, JUST
AREN'T RIGHT?

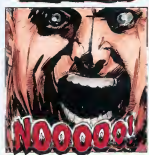
PLEASE... PLEASE,
WAGNER! DON'T HURT
ME! SHE'S CARRYING
MY CHILD.

DON'T MATTER
BLACK AND WHITE
MAKES BROWN AND
EVERYBODY KNOWS
GOD MADE BROWN
THE COLOR OF
SAVY!

continues







THE END

BELIEVE THE SINNERS

THE DEVIL'S BRIGADE PART 11

FROM THE JOURNAL
OF BALEGUTH CONCENTS

IT IS THE
TIME OF THE
COMPLICATION

REBECCA, YOU MIGHT
BE A BIT GRATEFUL I
RESCUED YOU FROM
SAMUEL'S CLUTCHES



OHMY, I WASN'T IN
SAMUEL'S "CLUTCHES". I
WAS PART OF HIS RE-
LIGIOUS COMMUNE. I FEEL
SHAMEFUL AND IF I RE-
PEATED THE APOCALYPTIC
-- NAYED.

LOOK, WE BOTH SAW THE
CONCENTS PULL SAMUEL
INTO HELL. WE BOTH
KNOW HOW HE GOT
BACK.

HE WAS SENT BACK
BEHIND HIS HELL AND
DIGNATION MINISTRY
SAMUEL'S BEEN PREACHING
LEVITICUS' GOSPEL.
WE'VE GOT TO TELL
PEOPLE.



NOW THERE'S A CON-
SPIRACY THEORY

SAMUEL'S BUILT
ONE OF THE
WORLD'S LARGEST
TELEVISIONICAL
MINISTRIES.

WHO'D BELIEVE
YOU, CONCENT?



Nicholas Vance
writer
Sam Keith
artist
Sam Pearson
color artist
Phil Fels
letterer

UR, WELL, YOU
NEVER KNOW



AT BEST WE'D END
UP ON GERMALD

AT WORST, WE'D
HAVE THOSE NICE
CANINE JACKETS
THAT BRACKLE
AT THE REAR



OHMY
OHMY
LET'S
EAT

IT IS A TIME
TO BE AFRAID





BONNERS
BEWARE!

FATHER PETER
ABANDON IN
THE KEY CARD
IN MY HAND
WHENEVER WILL
HE CALL?



THE EMIGRANTS OF HELL
WOULD ARGUMENT US NOW
THERE ARE THE LAST
DAYS

SPEAKING
OF
SAMUEL



AND OUR RATE
IS CLOSED



PERSONS THAT WAS
SAMUEL ON ANOTHER
CHANNEL LAST NIGHT

THESE COULD BE THE
LAST DAYS - OF FEAR
MISTRUST AND HATRED



ONLY KINDS ARE
CLOSED THE GOD OF
LOVE LISTENS AND
CAN OPEN THEM



THAT HETTER HIPP
ABANDON! ALL SAMUEL
WANTS IS THEN
FORNICATION GAINERS
BURNED!



AIN'T
THAT!



THEY'RE
COMMUNICATORS!

LEATHER TEACHERS
IT'S A MATTER OF
SKILL. A PLAYER
MUST FOLLOW THE
CAMP

AND ALREADY THAT WHEN NECESSARY

THERE IS NO "LOVE
OR CHANGE" -- THE
CARDS WILL SHOW
THE EXACTABLE LAWS
OF ABUNDANCE
AND THE

AND UNDER THE
HAND OF GLORY -- I
PLAY MY HAND
HUMBLY, BUT
SOFTLY HEARD

PETER
YOU DO STILL
BELIEVE IN THE
DREAM DON'T YOU?
WELL ONLY YOUR
EYES SHOW -- BUT
YOU DON'T HEAR
IT OFTEN -- BUT
ANYWAY, IT'S
JUST...



RECEIVED
MARTIN
APPROACH
SHIP



ACTUALLY,
YOUR GRACE,
SINCE LURE'S
DEATH, I
DOUBT I'M
RIGHT TO
CONTINUE.



"RIGHT"
AREM, WELL...
YES YOU
AREM, WELL...



DEEP
FACE



YOU
FORGET
YOUR NOW
ON CORRECTION



WE
THAT IS,
I, THAT IS
AROUND
INSTRUCTS YOU
YOU HAVE
BROUGHT
HUNDREDS
TO THE
SOLD





"YOU MUST CONTINUE"

LUKE, I PLEDGE

BUT SUCH A SINER IS UNEXPECTEDLY
FROM THE NORTH OF DOUBT AND
IT GROWS AT ME



TRUE
RUTH MUST
CONVINCE DOUBT
YOUR FATHER
FORGET YOUR
WORDS



LUKE, I HEAR
A VOICE, FATHER
IN MY DREAM

IS IT
YOU?
WHAT
ARE YOU
ACCOMPLISH
ME OF IT



LUKE, PLEASE



FORGIVE
ME



FATHER,
YOU MUST
FORGIVE
YOURSELF

1. ANCHORAGE SOUTH GARDEN
2. EAST CHINA SEA AND OTHER
3. EAST CHINA SEA, BUT
4. EAST CHINA SEA WITH
5. EAST CHINA SEA

ANY INFORMATION OF DISSENTING
DO NOT BE TAKEN FOR
PHYSICAL DISSENT. NEVER
ALLOW ANYONE TO
SUSPECT THE HIDE FLIGHT
AND/OR HIDE.

HE'S NOT TELLING IT WELL

THESE STUDY RESULTS CAN
LEAD TO A BETTER UNDER-
STANDING OF THE PROCESS

THEY CANNOT
BE ALL RIGHT

YOU MAY NOT LIKE SAMUEL,
BUT YOU CANNOT BELIEVE HE
IS IN LEAGUE WITH THE
DEVIL.

I THINK I BELIEVE YOU.

BUT YOU
MUST PROVE
YOUR STATE-
MENTS.

THE WORLD TREWIS

CENTURIES AGO AT LONDON. AS A MAN, I
HELPED PERFORM A PRISTINE, UNCOMMON
TRICK STUNNING YOU SEE THE POLYTHY,
MAGNIFICENCE BEHIND HIS EYEGLASS, BY
CALLING ON IMAGINARY DEVILS.

TODAY, AS A CANDIDATE TO THE
COURT, I HOPE I CAN PROVE
MY HONORARY OF BELIEVING
TO ONLY HIS GODS EXISTENCE.

I AM AFFIRM I DID NOT
KNOW HE WOULD BE
RECEIVED.

PHONE COLLECTION
WETTER & DETERMINED BY,
THIS REPRESENTS A
12 2 TO RIDE OVER.

SEVERAL MINOR RIOTS
SUPPRESSED IN MOBILE
LAND AS TENSION OVER
THE DEPENDS ON.

I FEEL
YOU, PLEASE
PRESENCE

WELCOME, SALVATION



DAVID WITH,
HAVE YOU WATCHED
THAT IDIOT
ON COMEY?



IF I
WERE HIM
THOSE DAMNED
INSURGENTS
WOULD BE
CRUSHED AND
INCARCERATED
ANY FOOL
CAN SEE --



LISTEN,
GABRIEL. OUR
PROBLEMS, DAVID
AND DEBBIE,
ARE CURRENTLY
TELLING TALES TO
ABADDON.



THEN
WHY HAVEN'T
YOU
SILENCED
THEM?



ONLY
FROM A
QUESTION,
GABRIEL.



MORE
DEATHS NEAR
ABADDON WOULD
START QUESTIONS.
YOU MUST
ANSWER THEM
CHARGE, WHEN
INVITED..

YOU PERFECTLY THEIR
CREDIBILITY I WILL
DO THE BEST

THESE
ACCUSATIONS ARE
DEFENSIBLES FATHER
ABADDON THEY ARE
SIMPLY HERESIES OF
MATERIALS

AND YET-- YOUR HAND
IS STRANGELY SOBERED
WHICH YOU DO NOT
EXPLAIN

AND
YOUR CRUCIFIX
STRIKES ARE AS
DEVILISH

I DON'T
KNOW IF I CAN
FACE HIM,
DAVID

HE CAN'T
HURT YOU
BELOW

LORED, ABADDON'S
POWERS PROVE
AS HE FALTERS
TOWARD THE TRUTH
THE WINDS OF CHAOS
RUSTLE THE CARDS

AND
HOW DO
THEY PROVE
THEIR STORY
TO THE
WORLD?

THEY CALL THE DEVIL
LEVIATHAN HIS
TENTACLES, CARNOTUS

THEY
HAVE ONLY
TO CON-
VINCE ME,
SAMUEL

I'LL
TELL THE
PEOPLE NOW
BELIEVE IN
"LEVIATHAN"
OF
HELL

WHO BELIEVES IN
THESE NAMES? HOW
WILL YOU CONVINCE
THE CHURCH OF
ROME AND YOUR
FOLLOWERS?

YOU DID NOT DENY THE CHARGES, BUT YOU'RE THREATS

THE ACTIONS OF A GUILTY MAN.

OH GOD! I THINK WE MIGHT JUST WIN

A FINAL DEFENSIVE HAND MUST BE PLAYED. EX-THOUGHOUT A FINDED ON MY PLAYING HAND OF GUESS WILL HAVE BE VISABLE TO ANOTHER PLAYER.

I MUST CONSIDER THIS.

HELLO, REBECCA

DAVID, DON'T YOU SEE HERE?

THERE'S A GEMSTONE HERE!

BUT ONLY ONE



OH, FATHER!

REBECCA
CAN SEE A
CONSPIRACY
HERE!
NOW!

BUT, YOU
SAID BEFORE
YOU ALL SAW
LEDON.



AS I SAID
THESE ARE CHILDISH
DELLATIONS.



AND YOU
ARE HELP-
LESS NOW,
REBECCA.
HELPLESS.

WHY DON'T
BELIEVE YOU NOW,
REBECCA, SO HE
WILL TALK TO YOU
AS A CHILD.



IT'S ALL
RIGHT, REBECCA.
THERE'S NOTHING
THREAT.

NEXT, WE'LL
BE TELLING
YOU MURDER
DRAMES.



FATHER ABANDON,
HOW CAN YOU
BELIEVE IN
GOD AND NOT
BELIEVE IN
A DEVIL?



OR IS IT
THAT YOUR MIND
IS CLOSED?



WHAT WOULD
IT TAKE TO
MAKE YOU
SEE IF ANY
BODY'S GOT
BLOOD?



REMEMBER
THIS ONE?
"HERE COMES A
CANDLE TO LIGHT
YOU TO BED."



NO, I,
THAT IS.

"HERE
COMES A
CHOPPER."



"TO CHOP
OFF YOUR HEAD?"
WELL, LITTLE
TOMMY THUMBS IS
PRETTY GOOD AT
THAT.





LATER
THE STALKS
CHATTERED



WE WANTED
ANYWAYS. SAMUEL
WE DIDN'T BUT
THEM THERE FOR
THEIR GODS
BUT CURSE.

SURELY YOU DON'T
STILL HARBOUR DOUBTS
ABANDON? THEY WERE
OBVIOUSLY DELUDED PIR-
NOIDS. OR THEY WERE
EMBRASSED OF SHAGS
SENT TO DESTROY ME
AND PERHAPS
EVEN YOU



GOOD NIGHT,
ABANDON. I
WILL - PRAY
FOR THE
CHILDREN



OH LORD, GODS
MY CRUSADE DURING
ONLY DESTRUCTION
TO THOSE WHO
FOLLOW ME'S

YOU MISREPORT ME, PRIEST

IN LONDON
THEY LARGELY
GRANDER'S
TESTICLES TORE
HIS HANDS FROM
HIS BUSTLE-
AND CRUSHED
HIS LEGS IN
THE BOOT.



HE CONFESSED ONLY TO
HIS BELIEF IN HIS GOD
AND IN HIMSELF



HERE'S A HAND MEET TO
GO IN THIS GAME,
BUT I HAVE A FAITH
THAT ABANDON IS
LOSING

FAITH, AND
PATIENCE
AND TIME

THE END

END OF THE WORLD



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It's official: the Horror is back. After a long wait, and frequent, but by no means empty, promises from ourselves, Clive and various others, **Hellraiser III: Hell On Earth** is due out in April. Screenwriter Pete Atkins's (fans of this book will remember him as the writer of **Hellraiser II: Hellbound**, as well as the third issue's "Songs of Metal and Flesh") has carved out another impressive chapter in this mythology. In Pete's words, **Hellraiser III** is "...very much a Pinhead movie and, without giving too much away, it is both a prequel and a sequel to **Hellbound**. We don't go to Hell in this movie, Hell comes to us, and I think audiences will experience a mixture of horror, action, fun and incredible performances."

But that's not the point of this afterword.

The first **Hellraiser: Book of the Damned** was a resounding success among critics, fans and industry insiders alike, prompting the creation of another illicit peek into Hell's keyholes and through it's blood red curtains. The second volume of the **Book of the Damned** will feature glimpses into the newest addition to Clive's Epic mythology, **The Harrowers**. We'll also have more pages of Isidore Klauski's famous book, **Of Hell**, chapters of which graced the first volume, and whetted appetites for more secrets, and spectacular don't-read-this-book-alone visuals.

And that's not the point, either.

The tenth issue of **Hellraiser**, at this writing, is purportedly doing quite well; the incredible limited edition embossed foil cover with artwork by Bill Sienkiewicz is flying off the shelves across the country. We're looking forward to doing more special landmark issues like that one in this landmark series, and hope all of you out there were pleased with that effort, and our new, lower price. We're anxiously awaiting your comments.

But now, the point.

In our fourth year, we'll continue the regular six-weekly **Hellraiser** bookshelf, which has and will set the pace for quality. In April, the release of the movie will herald a brand new epic explosion of Barker-related titles, including our official and very special **Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth Movie Adaptation**, written by Pete Atkins and the **Book of the Damned Volume 2**. In the months ahead plan on a lot more bang for your buck from the office that makes fear a daily requirement, in the pages of **Nightbreed**, **The Harrowers**, and other specials.

What's the point? Be here, and stay sharp. You'll get it. . .

M.

— Marc McLaurin
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Step up to the terrible ten-in-one at
the center of Clive Barker's dark
carnival. Waiting for you in tonight's
sinister sideshow. . .

Yowzah! Take a tour through the halls of
hell, where love and pain become one!
Yowziel! South African Stormtroopers
walk on a bed of burning humanity!
Yowzah! Holy Man oddity in the
clutches of the devil!

Call them freaks, if you must, call them
aberrations. Just be sure to call
them yours. . .

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